

STANFORD, KY.
Friday Morning, December 29, 1882

W. P. WALTON, EDITOR

The Courier-Journal never openly condemns the Governor of Kentucky for his wholesale abuse of the pardoning power, notwithstanding it knows that the unparalleled increase in crime in the State is due almost entirely to it, and that but for it, its very damaging though true assertion that the Christmas killings in the State are "too numerous to mention" could not have been made. It shuns its eyes to what is going on at home, but when it gets a chance at another executive that is not doing half so bad, it speaks out strong and boldly. Hear it: "Gov. Stephens, of Georgia, has begun his gubernatorial career by pardoning a couple of murderers who have no shadow of a claim to Executive clemency. This is very bad for Gov. Stephens' administration and very had and wofully demoralizing for the State of Georgia. Deeds of violence in the Southern States are directly encouraged by this accused 'Executive clemency.' So long as that clemency is administered the shot gun and revolver will continue their deadly work." Stephens' record in six weeks is 42 pardons, while Blackburn's is fully that many to Fayette county law-breakers alone in the same time.

The "C. R. Mason Manufacturing Co., which according to the Register is composed of C. R. Mason, H. P. Mason, Chas. E. Hoge and W. F. Dandridge, located in Kentucky, S. B. Mason in Virginia and S. D. Gooch in Georgia, have taken formal charge of the Kentucky Penitentiary and are improving it in many ways. They will manufacture wagons, furniture, boots and shoes and many other useful articles. The head of the company is one of the most remarkable men in the U. S., and if any body can run the institution successfully, he can. His partners too we know personally to be gentlemen of fine business tact and financial ability.

The Chicago Tribune remarks: The \$80,000,000 already paid out on the wrongfully "arrears" trick fastened on the Government by wolfish pension agents and cowardly, reckless congressional demagogues, and the \$205,000,000 yet to be paid on claims "proved up" would be sufficient money in the event of a war with Great Britain to build a navy strong enough to defeat that Power on the high seas, and to conquer and annex her Canadian Provinces. The general public seems to have little conception of the robbery practiced upon the tax-payers by the claim agents and reckless Congressmen.

The Commercial's exposé of the rotteness and embezzlement of the city officers of Louisville has brought forth fruits, and articles of impeachment have been filed against City Auditor Hinkle and Levi, Assistant Chief of the Fire Department, and they will be tried next week. We commend the Commercial's determination to "let no guilty man escape" and believe that it is doing the State more good service than any twenty-five of the wishy-washy democratic papers which wink at corruption through fear of those in high places.

A YEAR of peace and prosperity is fast drawing to a close and the period of good resolves is almost upon us. Show your thankfulness to the giver of every good gift by not only making but sticking to your resolutions of reform during the coming year; prove that you love your neighbor as yourself by paying the last farthing due him, and the next will be the happiest year of your life. Try it once.

PAT O'NEAL, the street lamp lighter at Lexington, in lighting a gasoline lamp on the outskirts of the city, pulled it over on himself and the horse he was riding, when it exploded, terribly burning him and the animal, which ran off after throwing him. He can not live.

SENATOR BLAIR wants an amendment to the Civil Service Reform Bill providing that no person habitually using intoxicating beverages shall be appointed or retained in office. The suggestion is a good one and it ought to be adopted with the bill.

THERE are 761 business men in Louisville who form the Board of Trade and pay \$25 per year for the privilege. The limit will be fixed after New Year's at 1,000 members and the admission fee advanced to \$100.

IT TAKES OVER \$30,000,000 yearly to run the city government of New York. This too in the face of the fact that Boss Tweed has in a measure lost his grip.

GEORGE ROWS has had another fire. Fitzgerald's drug store was burned and the adjoining buildings damaged. Loss, \$7,000.

ONE DAY this week George Portwood and policeman Laughlin, of Lawrenceburg, settled an old feud in a duel that the mere thought of will make the average Virginian quail in his boots. There they challenge after letting the police know of the business, and if perchance those officers do not come to their rescue, they go out and after firing once or twice in the air, they become perfectly "mutilated" and their wounded honor is healed. That's the kind of duels Ridleberger fights, but these two Lawrenceburg men caught each the other by the lapel of his coat, and drawing their pistols, fired till one fell dead and the other mortally wounded—since died.

THERE were not less than one hundred homicides, most of them bloody murders, in the U. S. on Christmas day and Tuesday. There seems to have been fully a score in this State, but John Booth of Giles, La., takes the belt on a single effort. He got away with four and then got away himself before the officers could secure him.

The Daily Commonwealth, just started at Frankfort by Hon. Martin W. Lallue, is a new little sheet and deserves to grow and prosper. We will insure both if it will look into and expose the rottenness said to be existing in high places at the Capital.

ASSISTANT Register of the Land Office has been talking too much with his mouth, and Capt. Sheldon has bounced him from office.

THE Senate has passed the Civil Service Bill without the clause prohibiting political assessments. Many democrats voted against it.

CHICAGO is somewhat of a growing town. This year she has built 5,630 houses at a cost of over twenty millions.

OSCAR WILDE has sailed for England, and may the ship sink with him, if he ever attempts to return.

GARRARD COUNTY. Bryantsville.

J. C. Bryant will offer stock of goods at cost. People in this vicinity will find it to their interest to give him a call.

The Burdells have opened a general store which will be run in connection with their mill recently purchased of the Floydys.

Good shorts are selling at 5 cents. H. B. Campbell sold 5 head of 3-year-old steers to B. F. Robinson at 4 cents. Square Sam Johnson bought Daniel Ford's farm near Davistown, of 100 acres for \$5,000.

Died, on the night of the 26th, in his 73rd year, "Uncle Jeff" Dunn. He was one of the oldest citizens in this neighborhood and spent his entire life at the place where he was born. He leaves a devoted wife, six sons and one daughter and a large family connection. His health has been extremely kind and attentive to his wants. His remains will be interred in the cemetery at 12 o'clock Thursday. Peace to his ashes.

Our sweet school girls and boys are enjoying Christmas at home. Miss Mamie Dunn entertained a number of her young friends last Saturday evening. Miss Katie White to Lincoln to spend Christmas. Misses Katie Buckner and Carrie Quiney two of Hamilton College's sweetest, were here this week as guests of their schoolmate, Miss Mamie Dunn. They got away with some of our bachelor boys badly. Mr. James Clinton and wife, for many years residents of this vicinity, are here on a visit from Indiana. Mrs. T. K. Adams was in Louisville shopping. Mr. Wm. Berkele, Jr., who is now government storekeeper at New Haven, was at home last week to see his mother. (And somebody else.) Miss Mary Spillman, who attends the Musical Conservatory at Cincinnati, is at home. Hon. B. M. Burdett, of Lancaster, was down this way this week in the interest of the telephone enterprise and I am glad to say that he met with all the encouragement wanted.

"EVANGELIST NO. 2."
ROGERSVILLE, TENN., Dec. 1882.

Dear Interior:
(Rev. W. C. Barnes, after recovering how he failed to get the Methodist church because the Synod had been promised it; how he preached to the darkies for several nights and attended the Synod during the day, how much of a stir the announcement of his first services created among the old preachers; how at last the first services were held under favorable circumstances; how on the second night he went to find the church dark and the door locked, the inevitable "trustees" having shut down on him; how the Presbyterians refused their church unless he underwent an examination by the Elders; how after walking 10 miles to see the sheriff, who was sick in the country, to ask for the use of the courthouse and had gotten it and was lighting it himself with tallow candles, a drunken man came in and ordered him out, at the same time blowing out the candles; how after getting \$75 from his father and being so inhumanely treated, he had decided to leave Rogersville; how when this became known, the Presbyterians minister renounced his profession and offered his church with the proviso of an examination. The balance we let Mr. B. tell in his own words. We were bound to condone. Ed.)

So next morning I told the pastor that I would stay if I could get the church, and was ready to meet the officers and tell them all I know; heresy and all. He got a quorum of them and we commenced. He put question after question, and will you believe it? My heresies proved to be pure Calvinism!!! One of the gentlemen said that he had seen heresies given on worse examinations, and faith, I had an idea of applying for mine! Wouldn't it be jolly to preach what my father does as a Presbyterian preacher? One thing I noticed in the examination. They closely questioned

me on the very point that is thrust at my father so frequently: "If a man confesses as you ask him to do, and then never changes his ways, but is as bad as before, is he a saved man?" We compromised by saying that I had no right to judge how, but nevertheless I did not preach it, but I denied that a man would do so. This ended the examination and the pastor then told me that they had feared that I was an Antinomian. I can now imagine Nicodemus' state of bewilderment at our Savior when he told him of things he knew nothing about for I could only ask "what's that?" But they decided to let me have the church, with a check-string, giving the pastor a right to get up and say that they did not agree with me, if I should happen to explode any bomb threatening the safety of the "fundamentals." So praise the Lord, that Satan overreached himself when he kicked us out of the other church and the C. I. L., for we have the largest building in town and the universal sympathy of the populace, always excepting those who proved "Alexandera." (2 Tim. iv, 14) So the meeting has been steadily growing in favor, while the audiences have not decreased; and we find the sweetness of the Master's work in the knowledge that we are doing good. "Yet not I, but the Spirit which dwelleth in me." P. T. L. Another instance of how the dear Lord is caring for us. Our hot sold out and closed and we were indebted to it about \$300 with \$5 assets. I can speak of this now, since my father's ridiculous expense of us in your column. When we came here we told our host exactly how we stood financially (\$3 in cash) and gave him the option of keeping us or not as he felt inclined, knowing the circumstances. We informed him that we were trusting the Lord to pay our board, and he, tho' he did not trust Him, yet trusted us, so we had our room. When our bill came in we reminded him of our former tale and told him I trusted for money enough to pay him before he left town. He said that any time in the next three days would do. I did worry a little about it and my own sermon that day struck me harder than it could any one else, for I was urging them to trust simply and not fear of failure. Afterwards I told the Lord I would not worry but leave it all to Him and five minutes after I received a check for \$10 from a source I knew nothing of. Some ladies of Indianapolis sent it and it very soon found its way into the landlord's hands, while I told him of how signally the Lord had answered my trust. Praise the Lord. Leaving the hotel we found far more comfortable quarters, for now we are occupying the parlor of Brother Mifflin's house and taking our meals from a restaurant kept by a darky who sends them to us at a cost of 15¢ each per meal, and furnishes better fare than the hotels charge \$2 a day for. You could not find a cozier eight than we three boys sitting around the table at our meals while "Joe," who brings them to us, sits by the stove telling tales of the war. Bro. Garver has come over from S. and taken up our work with the darkies rather than go off by himself again. Bro. Barnum is at Rogersville Junction at present. Bro. G.'s meeting at S. was finally smoked out with 21 confessions and 7 anointed. Barnum closed at St. Clair with 13 and 17. Our meeting has reached 23 and 10, while the darkies have had 33 and 4, respectively. Will be here until after Christmas and don't care how often we get kicked out, for the dear Lord brings good out of evil and all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. Our list of converts now numbers 350 and 219 and our third month will not close until Christmas eve. Praise the Lord. All well and "happy" won't express it. Pray for us, dear friends, that our faith fail not, and the Lord will yet overturn E. Tennessee. By the way; was there not something prophetic in your saying "Bro. B. is at Waterloo?" It seemed to be something on the order of that famous battle, judging from his exit. I predict a glorious work in New York. Ever in Him,

W. C. BARNES,
"Evangelistic Quartette."

Garrard County
DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. R. WEST, EDITOR.

LANCASTER.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 29, 1882

BULLS AND BEARS.

A Glimpse of the Speculative World—The "Lions" of the Street.
(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

A bear is one who looks forward to a all in stocks and sells in hope of being able to buy at a lower price before the time comes for delivery. The name is derived, I believe, from the story of a man who sold a bear's skin before he had caught or killed the bear; though some people say such a man is called a bear because his paws down, and others say it originated in the fact that he is bare of stocks and wants prices to go down so that he may buy in to fill his contracts. The bull is the person who has stock and wishes the price to go up, so he may sell to advantage. He is so called from the habit a bull has of tossing things up with his horns.

Then the operator looks around and finds a little hand-book from which he reads definitions. It is a sort of dictionary of the broker's language.

"Going long" means buying for a rise. This is by far the most frequent among beginners or non-professionals, and is done after this manner: You place \$500 in the hands of your banker or broker as a "margin" upon 100 shares of stock, which you order him to buy for you, and which he agrees to "carry" until you order it sold or your "margin" is about exhausted. In the latter case, should you fail to respond to a call from your broker for more "margin," he is at liberty to protect himself, charging you with the deficit (if any) that your "margin" fails to "cover." In case of a "tight" money market, your broker is entitled to charge an additional price for money over and above the usual 7 per cent. In such a transaction you would be called long of stocks or a "bull."

"Selling short" is just the reverse of going long, and is governed by the same rule, except that the seller, not having the stock, is obliged to borrow it for present delivery, and takes the risk of buying it back at some future time to return to the lender. The chief risk in "selling short" is the chance of a "corner," for not infrequently "clique" gets control of the stock and not only makes it impossible for the parties "short" to borrow the stock, but forces the price up to extraordinary figures. One of the special advantages of speculating on the "short side" is that you have no interest to pay, and costs you nothing except commissaries to remain short as long as you choose, unless, as just stated, when stocks become scarce through a corner or for election purposes, your broker has them to pay for the use of the stock and charges you accordingly. Margins and commissions are the same as when you buy stocks for a rise or "going long." When you are "short of stocks" you are called a "bear."

"Turning stocks" consists in buying for cash and selling at the same time, on "long option," the same stock and amount, thereby making 6 per cent, interest, and the difference in the price of cash and the option, which is usually upon these of sixty days, not less than one, and very often reaching 3 per cent. "Stock privileges," or "pnts," "calls," "spreads" and "straddles," although not recognized by the Stock Exchange, have become quite a favorite mode of speculating of late years. A "pnt" is a contract which entitles the holder to put or deliver stock to the signer thereof within the time and at the price named therein. A "call" entitles the holder to call for or demand stock from the signer, according to the specified terms. A "spread" is a double privilege, and entitles the holder either to deliver or to demand from the signer thereof the stocks named in it, according to the terms of the agreement. If the prices named in both cases are the same, then it is known as a "straddle."

CHAMPION PEDESTRIANISM—THE RECORD.

The following will show the grand total score made by the winners of the various six-day pedestrian contests that have taken place since 1878:

O'Leary, Astley belt, London, March, 1878, 530 miles.

Rowell, Astley belt, New York, March, 1879, 500 miles.

Weston, Astley belt, London, June, 1879, 550 miles.

Corkery, first race for the champion-ship of England, 1878, 621 miles.

Brown, second race for the champion-ship of England, 1879, 542 miles.

Brown, third race for the champion-ship of England, 1880, 553 miles.

Hart, Rose belt, New York, September, 1879, 540 miles.

Murphy, O'Leary belt, New York, October, 1880, 606 miles.

Hart, O'Leary belt, New York, April, 1880, 565 miles.

Rowell, Astley belt, London, November, 1880, 506 miles.

Pauchoff, O'Leary belt, New York, March, 1881, 541 miles.

Hughes, O'Leary belt, New York, January, 1881, 508 miles.

Fitzgerald, Ennis race, New York, December, 1881, 582 miles.

Hazael, contest at Madison Square Garden, New York, March, 1882, 600 miles.

Ohio editors are wildly indignant that their brother visiting New York should let himself be roped in and swindled by buuko men. They say he has disgraced the editorial fraternity of the State. He ought to have skinned the buuko men out of their last coat.—*Boston Post*.

There are two classes who do not bear prosperity—one of them being those who do not get a chance to bear it.

SET A THREE TO CATCH A THIEF.

That the police in Louis Philippe's time had need of honest, or even half-honest, men is proved by one of M. Claude's anecdotes. It still retains the marks of Violeau's influence, and his moustos lie loose on the seat of thieves tracked. M. Allard was the first to do justice to the odious prejudice that in order to be well acquainted with the ways and doings of rascals one must be a bit of a scamp one's self. He rightly believed that to impress the enemies of society with respect and apprehension it was necessary to oppose to their views an absolute example of honesty, and to face their shameless profligacy with an irreproachable line of conduct. Before Allard's time there were certain indications who received with one hand their share of stolen booty, and with the other their informer's pay. It was not rare to see an indicator breakfast on the proceeds of a theft, and sup with the money paid for its discovery. As an instance of the style in which things were done: After a considerable theft committed in the residence of a distinguished personage, all the police agents de surne were set to work to arrest the thief. He was soon taken, and at once conducted to the house he had robbed, in order to give an explanation of the way in which he had operated. Two days after the confrontation the master of the house perceived that an emerald set round with diamonds, worth 10,000 francs, had disappeared from his bedroom. The fact was communicated to one of the heads of the police de surne, who suspected that the author of the theft could be no other than one of his own agents. His object, therefore, was to discover the perpetrator of the second robbery. New Year's day was close at hand. The chief of the spy brigade assembled his men, and addressed them in a language which, if not classical, was to the purpose. "You know, my lads, we shall soon have to go and wish M. le Prefet a happy New Year. I expect you to clean yourselves up for that day, and to put on your smartest bits and tuckers. If any of your jewelry is up the spout, or your best portable property in your uncle's keeping, you will get it away for the ceremony. I don't want you to come in a shabby turnout, as if you were only a set of mangy canaille. To all very well to go about town in deshabille, but our superior ought to see what steady and respectable coves we are. You understand me, I take the liberty of presuming. If any of you want money to get your Sunday things out of pawn, you have only to say so, and I will advance it. Allez: Be off with you; make your selves scarce." On New Year's morning the agents, fresh rigged from top to toe, awaited their leader at the Hotel de la Prefecture. The first thing which caught the eye of that sharp-sighted genius was the stolen emerald sparkling on the suspected agent's shirt-front. "You are an ass and a booby, monsieur," he whispered, at the same time taking forcible possession of the jewel. "There are fire-eaters at the Bagne who are innocent compared with you. But I have pity on your family. Only let this teach you a lesson;" and, sticking the emerald in his own cravat with a dignity worthy of Robert Macaire, he wore in the Prefect's presence, omitting, in the interest of his agent's honor, to restore it to its rightful owner.—*London Society*.

SOME THINGS I HAVE NOTICED.

I have noticed that when a horse gets up he gets up forward first and jerks his hind parts after him, while a cow will get her rear half up all right and draw her forward half up in place; also, when drinking, a horse will draw in water rapidly with every breath; the cow, on the contrary, will suck in one containing one draught as long as she can hold her breath.

Oh, your eyes, your low replies!

A great encouerance you may be. With all her stony-heartedness and selfish vanity and inhuman pride, the Lady Clara Vere de Vere is still a swan among inferior birds. But no mushroom wealth, no buying of the crown jewels of France as shirt-studs, no improvised magnificence and astounding luxury and extravagance, can rival this effect. The tone that time alone, lapsing through long centuries, gives the picture, the tone which is its secret aphor and charm and worth—how will you supply that in a morning? The son and daughter or the grandson and granddaughter of the haberdasher and the coal-heaver and the fat-boiler may outbid Emperors for a vase and Queens for necklace, but they can no more buy the poetic perspective and the association and historic setting which belong to the Emperor and Queen than they can buy the moon.

Moreover, it is a compensation of justice that those in whom the refinement of long training is most conspicuous disdain the shoddy splendor of and death wealth. The amazing extravagance of luxury in some instances in America is as little representative of distinctive American character and quality as an English rako of a noble family who comes to hunt up a rich American wife is a type of that trained intelligence and pure spirit and service which mark an Englishman like Lord Granville in Parliament or the late Dean Stanley in the church. —*Editor's Easy-Chair*, in Harper's Magazine.

The national Teutonic beverage, beer, according to the *Paris Figaro*, is largely used at the royal table, in Berlin. The Emperor William's favorite dish is beer soup, made very sweet, with toasted bread in it; the Crown Prince likes beef stewed in beer, which imparts a peculiar flavor to the meat, and the Emperor is particularly fond of eels with beer sauce.

MINDS OF moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

PUMPED OUT.

What the Physician Means by "Work" and "Energy."
(Dr. W. H. Bruce, in Popular Science Monthly.)

Suppose a gardener, with a ton of gravel in front of him, were told to move that gravel to a height of three feet. He would go to work with the spade, he would move shovelful after shovelful from the ground line up to the three-foot height, and after he had moved the whole of it you might readily imagine that he would feel a little fatigued. Now whenever a person does anything which causes fatigue, he does what we call work.

The gardener, in lifting the gravel, would perform an amount of work which is capable of being measured. I will give you another illustration. Supposing some boys were put beside a pile of cricket balls, and for a wager or prize you were called upon to throw the balls as fast and as far as you could. A good throw would perhaps throw the first ball eighty yards, he would throw the second ball seventy-five yards, the third seventy yards, the fourth sixty yards, and so, each ball that he threw would go a less and less distance, until he had no strength left, and he could throw no more balls. Now that boy would have done work; something would have passed out of him into the balls; and as a result he feels fatigued, through the loss of this something.

Take another illustration: Supposing two crews agree to row a race. They start full of life and full of energy; they pull with all their hearts and might, and arrive at the goal, in common language, thoroughly pumped out. Something has gone out of them into the boat. That which has gone out of the crew, and out of the boy who threw the cricket balls is what we call energy, and what they have done is to do work upon the boat.

Another example is in the case of football. A boy kicks the foot-ball and makes a splendid goal. To do that he has sent something out of his body into the ball, which travels through the air past the winning goal and the game is over.

In all these illustrations something is done which results in fatigue, work is performed and energy is lost; in fact, work done means energy applied, and energy applied means work done. As mental energy is our capacity for learning lessons, for going through examinations and that kind of thing, so the energy of the kind I speak of is the capacity for doing absolute physical work. The generality of this energy is immense. It is a difficult thing to grasp the fact that there is something in existence that we cannot feel, that we cannot touch and that we cannot see, but which gives all the force and power we possess.

A SOCIAL NUISANCE.

The "fat set" in American society whose breast quivers and tingles with delight at the idea of friendly notice upon its travels from the Prince of Wales, and which at home grovels in its own way before any titled Tom Noddy, is a social pest. Its influence is degrading and demoralizing. But it has a ridiculous aspect which is wanting in its prototype. Lady Clara Vere de Vere may be selfish and cruel and a wholly useless and encumbering person in the world. But she is the daughter of a hundred Earls, and she shows it as certainly as a high-bred rager shows his Arabian descent. A certain nameless refinement and elegance and grace may distinguish her—for it is not, of course, always so—as Lovelace, although a scoundrel, may have the urbane and gentle courtesy of the chevalier without fear and without reproach!

Oh, your eyes, your low replies!

A great encouerance you may be. With all her stony-heartedness and selfish vanity and inhuman pride, the Lady Clara Vere de Vere is still a swan among inferior birds. But no mushroom wealth, no buying of the crown jewels of France as shirt-studs, no improvised magnificence and astounding luxury and extravagance, can rival this effect. The tone that time alone, lapsing through long centuries, gives the picture, the tone which is its secret aphor and charm and worth—how will you supply that in a morning? The son and daughter or the grandson and granddaughter of the haberdasher and the coal-heaver and the fat-boiler may outbid Emperors for a vase and Queens for necklace, but they can no more buy the poetic perspective and the association and historic setting which belong to the Emperor and Queen than they can buy the moon.

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Gentlemen—There suffered with pain in my side and back, and great stiffness in my breast, with shooting pains in my head, and was treated with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. Took Brown's Iron Bitters, and was greatly relieved. Took Brown's Iron Bitters; have now lost one bottle and have a full and sound well—pain—no stiffness in my head, and am now in full health again. I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and find myself truly

calmed the heat of my body.

John K. ALLARD.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

For the best, newest and cheapest newspaper in the South.

The Semi-Weekly Post!

Everybody should take it. It gives the latest news daily in advance of the regular weeklies. It is a democratic paper, but at the same time independent in politics. It contains the best news summary; the best reading matter; the best editorials and the best market reports—all for only \$1.25 per year.

SEND FOR SPECIMEN COPIES.

Every farmer, every merchant, every trader must have it. Subscriptions at once.

Remember—you get 100 pages and double the reading matter for only \$1.25, and it comes to you faster than a week.

Send the money to our agent in your county or remit direct to us.

Louisville Post, Louisville, Ky.

MINDS OF moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

WHAT'S BONE.

Aside from its oil-yielding properties, the whale also serves man's needs by furnishing him with whalebone. This was once an important article of commerce, but the supply and demand have for many years been diminishing. The fact is the whale does not live "in the North sea" as much as he once did, and the decline in the New Bedford oil business is reflected in a measure in the whalebone industry. As the supply fell off substitutes for the article were discovered. Steel takes the place of whalebone in umbrellas manufacturers, and the latter now finds its chief uses in the making of whips and corsets.

The preliminary preparation of whale bone is as follows: When the raw bone is received the hair is first cut from the skin. These are then soaked in water until they become soft, after which all the gristle which adheres to them is removed by scraping. They are then put into a steam box, where a workman straightens them with a knife. After polishing they are ready to be worked up into various forms. There are certain places where it is probable that no known material answers so well as whalebone, and it is said that a fortune awaits the inventor who devises an efficient substitute for it. Experiments, looking to this end, have been made with rawhide.

Since the decadence of the hoop-skirt favor the price of whalebone has declined very materially, but the price was at its zenith in the last century. The Dutch formerly obtained \$3,500 a ton for whalebone, but since 1763 it has never commanded such high figures. In 1818 the price was \$450; in 1834, from \$500 to \$545; and in 1841 it ranged between \$1,080 for Southern to \$2,550 for Northern bone. We learn that in the upper jaw of the whale are thin, parallel laminae, varying in size from three to twelve feet in length, and that these are what are known as "whalebone." The quality which commands the highest price is about six feet in length, and is called "size bone." It is said that the Greenland whale furnishes the best bone. From the mouth of these huge creatures from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds are often taken.—*Scientific American*.

In all these illustrations something is done which results in fatigue, work is performed and energy is lost; in fact, work done means energy applied, and energy applied means work done. As mental energy is our capacity for learning lessons, for going through examinations and that kind of thing, so the energy of the kind I speak of is the capacity for doing absolute physical work. The generality of this energy is immense. It is a difficult thing to grasp the fact that there is something in existence that we cannot feel, that we cannot touch and that we cannot see, but which gives all the force and power we possess.

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